

A Boy Like You In A Place Like This by Freckles_and_glasses

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Werewolf, Established friendship between Steve and the kids, M/M, No Experiments, No Hawkins Lab, Normal Jane, Outwardly Brave Will, Speech impairment Jane, Werewolves, autistic Jane

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Steve Harrington's Parents, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Hawkins seems a little more ominous these days, fogs rolls in earlier, the birds fly too quickly, kids aren't let outside passed 7pm.

A Werewolf has decided to take residence among the forest and Mike, Will, Lucas, Dustin and Jane take it upon themselves to uncover this beast and possibly take it down.

On a completely random note, The Hargrove's have moved to town.

1. Chapter 1

1984 October 13 Saturday Morning

"First possible clue that we, the Party, have discovered: August 8th, 1982, claw marks found against the walls of few convenience stores." Dustin say, trying to read from a list.

"Just kids, remember?" Jane says tilting her head. "Bear costume. Actual bear."

The four other boys cringe in sync.

"How about..." Will grabs an article cut out of the newspaper. "June 30th, 18 year old Hilary Martin claims she saw a wolf!"

"Drunk at 12am." Mike rolls his eyes.

"And there *are* wolves. Doi." Lucas says. "We need *real* evidence of a *werewolf*. Not just any wolf."

Will nods and puts the article down. "We'll have to get out there and find it for ourselves now, won't we?"

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Dear Steve

We had to leave early this morning. Our apologies. Take care, and behave. We plan to be back before the 7th next month.

We love you

Steve set the note down and looked around at the kitchen and living room. He leaned back and grabbed an apple, before going to flop

himself on the couch.

He found his sweatpants on the floor nearby and slid them on awkwardly while his apple hung in his teeth, and his hips thrusting uncomfortably.

I'm starving. Steve thinks to himself. He tries to shake off the loneliness of a saturday morning. He also tries to shake off the fact that he himself specifically told his mom and dad that they didn't need any "house workers". He especically misses the cook.

*I have some homework I can do...*Steve thinks pathetically, before laying back, letting the apple core fall and dropping an arm over his eyes.

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"It looks great." Max Mayfield plasters on a smile.

Her mother smiles back happily. "I'm glad. Billy's room will be beside you on the rght here, and my room across you and the bathroom across Billy."

Max almost rolls her eyes. "Cool. Sounds good Mom."

"When you're ready you come outside and find your boxes okay?" Her mother says, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Max almost frowns, sad for her mother. "Yeah."

Max is left alone in her new room, as bare as a new baby. She sighs in what she's not sure is disappointment, contentment, neither or both.

Max walks out her room and turns toward the door when she freezes and watches as her step-brother stomps into the house. He holds three big boxes, you can't even see his any of his head, you can see however the smoking floating around him - the cigarette probably

stuck between his lips. He walks in like a robot, heavy footed and uncaring of the damage. He walks forward and turning to his room. He sees her in the corner of his eye before disappearing into his room. A feral growl rips from his throat and Max shivers, blinking out of her trance and running outside.

2. Chapter 2

1984 October 14 Sunday Afternoon

"Steve!" Mike exclaims happily.

"Steve." Jane says too, monotone.

Steve takes his sunglasses off and grins at them. "Everyone ready to go?"

"Yeah!" Will says excitedly. He climbs into the back of the van, Steve always brags about how fancy and new it is and showing them all the features but they couldn't care less. They appreciate the van though - it has six seats! (And you could probably squeeze two more kids in there! (But they don't know two more kids.))

Lucas sat beside Will in the back seats, Mike beside Lucas and Jane in the middle section.

"Close the -" Steve stops himself, noticing he's a kid down. "Where's Dustin."

Just then you hear a crash from inside Dustin's house. Mrs Henderson yelling and Mr Henderson yelling and Dustin yelling.

Steve sighs. He calls, "permission slips!"

Jane takes the paper out of her pocket, Steve insists on getting "permission slips" from all their parents when he takes them driving on the weekends.

"Mhm. Good." Steve looks over Jane's. "Can't have the Chief chasing us down on the road, can we?"

Jane giggles.

Mike hands her Will's, Lucas's and his own to hand to Steve.

"What does this say?" Steve turns back around, apparently he's put his sunglasses back on, glaring over top them. He's glaring at Mike.

"My mom was sleeping! She wrote it half asleep because she wouldn't wake up from her afternoon nap!" Mike exclaims as he usually does.

Steve makes a 'hmpf' noise before turning back around.

"I will!" Dustin bellows from the door, "Yes! I love you too! Of course I'm not mad! Bye!"

Dustin weakly throws a crumpled piece of paper at Steve as he slams the door closed and buckles up.

"Okay?" Jane asks as Steve reads over the notes.

Dustin is panting as he runs his fingers with his curls. "Yeah."

"Is your papa...?" Jane doesn't particularly want to finish her sentence. Thinking of papas makes her sad.

"Shh, it's okay." Dustin sticks his hand out for a high five, "My dad's just really busy lately. Makes him tired. Makes him grumpy."

Lucas and Will add on how their parents get.

Steve locks the doors and puts some music on with a, "And we're off.."

(Bonus:

Dustin's note with his mother's writing: Go crazy! I mean not too crazy. Please take care. Thank you very much Mr Babysitter.

Jane's note with her father's writing: **Back before 8. Be careful. Take precautions. Every single one of them. Mr Harrington.**

Lucas's note with his father's writing: Steven, please be careful. No recklessness. I want my boy back in one piece. Dinner will be at 6. Thank you

Mike's note with his mother's scribble: YeAhok,b..bbye LoVe

youMike

Will's note with his mother's writing: Back by 7? Oh i don't know.
Have fun! Take care of eachother!

)

"Where to-" Steve doesn't get to finish his sentence because they all seem to yell something. "Hey! One at a time!"

The kids stop yelling, with a bit of mumbling at the end, where Jane is the last, "...hat."

Steve looks back at them through the review mirror and has an idea.

"What if we skip the arcade, and hats...And go fishing?"

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"Dammit!" Neil exclaims as he stomps out of his room and to the living where there are about 7 boxes still but everyone has been pretty productive in setting everything out.

"Neil?" Susan questions as she sets up the shampoos and toiletries in the washroom.

"I can't find my layouts for work next week!" Neil just about tears a box apart.

Max is sitting silently on her bed and watching her clock, listening to Billy unpack his clothes with music playing and Neil growl about his papers.

"Where could they be?" Susan steps out of the washroom.

"Please don't tell me we left them." Neil says. "Those were my only copies and I can't"

Neil hits the wall.

"Let's go back." Max can imagine Billy sticking his head out of his room, "You and me, dad."

Billy really loved California.

"No." Neil said sternly. "I'll go back to get them with Susan. Stay here with Maxine."

Billy is silent.

Then Max hears his door slam.

3. Chapter 3

1984 October 14 Sunday Evening

"Shit." Lucas watches through the back window as his fishing rod flops on the pavement and they drive further away.

"You should have been holding it." Steve tsk. "And what did I say about the window?"

"To close it..." All five kids mumble.

"Exactly. Now Lucas's fishing rod is gone."

It was five forty five and they were all heading home now. Fishing had been fun and confusing at the same time.

Steve didn't let them take any of the fish home because one, they didn't catch much, and two, they didn't bring a ice cooler, and three, none of them really knew if they could take, cook or eat the fish.

Steve drove Lucas home first, 5:54pm. Dustin was next, 5:59pm. Mike, 6:06pm. Will at 6:16pm. Then Jane at 6:27pm.

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Steve gets home and sleeps for about three hours right after dropping on his bed.

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Susan is running around the house to make sure everything is okay,

emergency numbers are on the fridge, addresses to the hospital and police station and both their schools. Susan is double checking the bag she's packed for her and her husband when he honks from the car again

"We'll be fine." Billy says shortly, bringing no comfort to Susan at all.

Susan nods a little and looks to Max. "I love you. Okay? Take care and don't get into trouble. Listen to Billy."

When she's run out the door and gone to the car, Billy locks the door and presses his head against it.

Max tries to relax by grabbing a cup and pouring some juice for herself.

"Thanks." Billy is suddenly there, taking the cup out of Max's hands and chugging it. Tossing the cup in the sink. It was a plastic cup, so it doesn't break.

Max stares unimpressed and blankly at him.

"Wanna go out." Billy says rather than asks, putting his jacket on.

"Wait five minutes." Max advises. "Take your jacket off. Mom almost always comes back because she's forgotten some..."

Max looks around and sees her mom's purse. She digs in the bag to see if this particular bag, beside the door, is something her mom would've needed. She pulls out her mom's house keys with her goodluck rabbit's foot. She holds it up for Billy to see.

He shrugs off his jacket.

Susan does come back. She doorbells like a madman. Billy hates to admit that Max is right. His dad would have been pissed off to find he had left the house right after he left.

Billy watches Max buy a batch of raspberries from some fruit stand by the road.

"Spend your own goddamn money." Billy grunts before she's left the car.

"I don't *have* money. C'mon I'll pay you back." Max glares.

"With interest." Billy hands her some coins from his pocket.

"Whatever." Max said grabbing the money and running to the stand.

"I want to go get real food and some smokes." Billy says with a mouth full of raspberries.

Max stuffs her mouth too before Billy can eat them all. "Go ahead. I think I saw an arcade around here when we arrived."

"Think you're hot shit now? You beat Malcolm Tabialconi in Dig Dug and Pac Man and Pinball and shit, you think you can conquer Indiana?" Billy chuckles, shaking his head.

"Who said anything about Pinball?" Max raises an eyebrow at him, lost in friendly conversation.

Billy's the best at Pinball.

"Shut up."

Billy drives her to the arcade and as she gets out, she glances at him, "...You can come in and play a bit when you're done."

Billy shrugs, lighting another cigarette. Max can't help but point out the way his fingers are holding the lighter, "looks like you're giving me the finger."

"Maybe I am." Billy grins, sticking his middle finger up properly.

Max reciprocates with a smile.

Max goes inside and plays for two hours. Beating some high scores. She thinks she hear Billy's car but loses the sound in the theme song of Dig Dug.

Max definitely hears the car about half an hour after. She walks through the arcade and out the door. On her way, she doesn't notice the Pinball machine in the corner with a new high score by Sunrise. Perhaps, the bright warm sun in California might have been thought of if she had seen it. Then she would have known who it was.

But she doesn't.

And it's kept that way.